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And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

A Midsummer Day's Dream: a Poem. By EDWIN ATHERSTONE, Author of *The Last Days of Herculaneum*. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 173. With Plates, after Designs by Martin.

To those who have perused Mr. Atherstone's former production, it is needless to say that he possesses many of the nobler elements of poetry,—a vivid and powerful imagination, grandeur of imagery, and a nervous energy of expression. How, then, it may be asked, has it happened that he has not attained greater popularity, or even notice; and this question is, we think, not very difficult to answer. Neither his subject nor his method of treating it were calculated to render it a general favourite: it had no story or plot to allure the reader on; it possessed none of the prettinesses of modern poetry; it had not sufficient promise of novelty in its title:—it was neither sentimental, nor erotic, nor satiric; it was no tale either of northern or of eastern romance; nor did it exhibit any exact or minute painting of familiar objects, or any narrative of familiar events.

The author sent forth an unassuming little volume, unprovided even with the alluring garnish of notes, and unassisted by any adventitious aid,—to attract notice, to seek its fortune in the world; yet we have every reason to believe that there were not a few who were struck with the indications of power which it manifested. But to confess the truth, the sympathies and interest which it awakened were of too painful a nature to allow it to be perused with unmixed delight. It painted horror and suffering in their most appalling forms: so intensely dreadful were the pictures of misery therein exhibited, as to be almost overpowering to readers of a lively imagination—that is to say, precisely those readers who are most capable of being affected by poetry and of relishing its beauties.

In the present poem we have met with less of the terrible, although not of the solemn and magnificent. Yet this is not a volume for the million; it is not written for those who feel no sympathies, no interest, but for the present world. The themes of which it treats have in them an awful profundity that is sufficient to startle even those who are most accustomed to abstract themselves from the 'visible diurnal sphere,' and to contemplate in thought the trackless and boundless fields of space, in which our whole system, with its myriads of worlds, is

but as a drop of water filled with animalculæ:—

'From sun to perished sun we glance; and yet Darkness is still before us. On!—yet on! Millions of blackened systems are behind; Myriads of millions are before us still.'

The principal portion of the narrative consists of a vision, in which the poet is conducted, by a spirit, to view the various recesses of nature—to explore the abysses of the deep, the innermost womb of the earth; to pass through the vast realms of space, visiting unknown worlds and their inhabitants. In all this there is fine scope for the fancy, and for description of the most impressive character; and we think that, gigantic as the subject is, the author has shown himself equal to it. Many of his pictures are very forcibly conceived, and delineated with a powerful pen. The opening of the poem contains an animated poetical portraiture of the beauties of nature on a fine midsummer morning; and here the author occasionally introduces a stroke of satire on the folly of those who are led, by their sordid cupidity, to forego the enjoyments of natural scenery. In the following passage, we recognise somewhat of the tone of Cowper; the phrases printed in italics have a prosaicness that was doubtless intended by the author as characteristic:—

'O! to breathe

The nectar'd air of a clear morn in May,
Treading the gorgeous meadows; or to sit
In blissful meditation, drinking deep
The warm rich incense of a night in June,
Is earth's least earthly joy!

'And such a night

Is even now. The sun an hour ago
Went down without a cloud; and, sinking,
saw

His gentle partner in the eastern heaven,
Rising with radiant brow: and now she pours
Her golden light on the thick-foliaged trees,
And brightens the far hills that girdle round
This most enchanting valley*. A light mist,
So light 'tis almost viewless, gathers o'er
Those meadows, crowded with spring flowers:

I hear

A hundred nightingales, remote and nigh.
How beautiful!—here, in a poplar bower,
Entwined thick with jessamine and rose,
Clymatis, and the sweet-breath'd honeysuckle,
I sit alone in a luxurious gloom;
And close above my head one joyous bird
Pours fearlessly a loud triumphant song;
And, as he pauses, far away I hear
Unnumber'd delicate answerings, jocund trills,
And low soft breathings; and the swell and fall

Of gently-talking waters. O! this hour

* 'The Vale of Tone, Somerset.'

Is worth a thousand days in gaudy courts,
Or noisy cities.

'Every season thus
Hath for the healthy mind its proper charm;
But to the soul diseased by avarice,
Worthless ambition, cankering envy, guilt,
Or fashion's paltry follies, nature shows
No beauties. If the splendid July sun
Burn in the cloudless heaven,—why—then
they wear

Cool dresses:—if a fragrant May-shower fall,
They know 'tis well to carry their silk screen,
Lest they be wetted:—does the thunder lift
His awful voice?—they stir not then abroad,
For lightning sometimes kills:—is the night dark

And still and solemn?—'tis to them a sign
That lanterns will be needed:—does the wind
Rock the strong trees and battle in the sky,
Rolling the ponderous clouds, and making
shake

Houses to their foundations?—then they fear
Chimneys may fall, or ships be wreck'd, and
goods

Go to the bottom.

'O, unhappy men!

Ye drain the lees and smack your lips; then
scoff,

Or, may be, pity him who quaffs the wine:—
Ye rake the kennels for the glittering earth,
Deeming yourselves wise, prudent, thriving
men;

And marvel such should be who love sweet air,
And rambles on the hills and by the brooks,
And beds on the new hay. What, if the fields
Are studded, thick as stars on frosty night,
With violets, primroses, daffodils,
Gold-cups, or sweetest cowslips,—what is this
To you? will't raise the price of stocks? invent
Some gaudy fashion? make your mortgage
safe?—

Will't blast some envied rival's fame, or keep
Your victim in your clutches?—No.—What
then

Can these import to you?—Ye see them not,
For ye haunt noisy streets, or factories,
Markets, guildhalls, heated assembly-rooms,
Or Babel-like exchanges:—if ye tread
The spangled fields, most likely 'tis to slay
The innocent birds, or hunt the timid hare,—
And that is sport:—the diamond-studded grass
But wets your shoes; and all that gorgeous
show

Of flowers you say is not good food for cat-
tle!—

'Mistaken men!—too prudent to be wise;
Too thriving to be rich in real wealth;
Too fond of heartless levities to be gay;
Consent to throw your gravity aside,
Your ledgers and your idle fopperies,
Awhile each day:—get out into the air
And smell the flowers and climb upon the
hills:—

Take books into the woods and leave your
guns;

The birds will give you music, and the leaves

Will whisper wisdom to you :—sit you down
On the sweet grass, or on some bending branch,
And watch the twinkling crystal of the brook,
Where the sun pierces the o'erhanging boughs :
Look at the silvery glitter of the fish,
That dart and flash, or rest their elegant shapes
With outspread poising fins, floating asleep
In some still sunny pool :—but take not there
The cruel angle-rod :—they feel like you
Pain from the tearing steel ; like you, they love
To feed and play in their own element.
Do thus, and know, if your last testament
Give to your thankless heirs a thousand less ;—
Or if your name at morning visitings,
Or evening gossip, be less mix'd with talk
Of the last-fashion'd coat or gown, yet you
Will have been healthier, happier, better men.

As a contrast to this, and a specimen of
the author's ability in conceiving a catastro-
phe of supernatural horror, we extract
his description of the destruction of our plan-
et by a comet :—

‘ Yet a time
Hath been, in the profound of ages pass'd,
When this fair order was disturb'd. The earth
Was then not what ye see it now ; nor man,
Such as now is, existed then ; nor beasts ;
Nor did the globe bend towards the sun its
poles

As now ; but yet it held sublimely on
The same unerring path along the heavens.

‘ Then suddenly there came a fiery star,
Wandering from out its orbit, masterless.
The dwellers of the earth,—they were a race
Mightier than yours,—look'd nightly on the
sky,

And their thoughts were troubled : night by
night the star

Grew brighter, larger ;—waving flames shot
out

That made the sky appear to shake and quiver.
Night after night it grew ;—the stars were
quench'd

Before its burning presence ;—the moon took
A paler—and a paler hue :—men climbed
Upon the mountains every eve to watch
How it arose ; and sat upon the ground
All night to gaze upon it. The day then
Became the time for sleeping ; and they woke
From feverish rest at evening to look out
For the terrific visitor. Night by night
It swell'd and brighten'd :—all the firmament
Was kindled when it came. The waning moon
Had died away ; and, when she should have
come

Again into the sky, men found her not.
Still, still the heaven-fire grew !—there was no
night ;

But to the day succeeded a new day
Of strange and terrible splendour. Darkness
then

Became a luxury ; and men would go
To caves and subterranean depths to cool
Their hot and dazzled eyes. The beasts of the
field

Were restless and uneasy, knowing not
Their hour for slumber : they went up and
down

Distractedly ; and, as they fed, would stop,
And tremble, and look round, as if they fear'd
A lurking enemy. The things of prey,—
Monsters that earth now knows not,—came
abroad

When the red night-sun had gone down ; for
day
With its mild light less glar'd upon their eyes
Than that fire-flashing firmament.—Yet,—yet
With every coming night the terrible star

Expanded : men had now no thought but that :
All occupations were laid by :—the earth
Was left untill'd :—the voyagers on the deeps
Forsook their ships, and got upon the land
To wait the unknown event. O'er all the world
Unutterable terror reigned. Men now
By thousands, and by tens of thousands, met—
Wond'ring and prophesying. Day and night
All habitable regions sent to heaven
Wailings and lamentations and loud prayers.
The ethereal shapes that peopled earth, as now,
Saw with astonishment, but not with fear,
This strange disorder ;—for the wreck of worlds
Injures not them. The spirits of the sun
Look'd wondering down, expecting what might
come ;

For right tow'rd earth the blazing terror held
Its awful course ; and all the abyss of space
Resounded to the roarings of its fires.

‘ Night after night men still look'd out :—it
grew

Night after night, faster and faster still.
The crimson sky announc'd its terrible coming
Long ere it rose ; and after it went down
Look'd red and fiery long. Each night it came
Later,—and linger'd later in the morn,
Till in the heavens the sun and it at once—
Eastward and westward—shone, with different
lights :

The sun, as still he shines, ineffably pure ;
The other of intensest burning red.
But one was still the same ;—the other swell'd
Each day to a terrific bulk, and grew
Dreadfully bright, till the out-blazed sun
Look'd pale,—and paler,—and at last went
out ;—

And men knew not when he arose or set

‘ The terrible event was then at hand :
Throughout the day the roarings of its fires
Oppress'd all ears ;—and when the fury sank
Beneath the horizon, still throughout the night
They heard its threatenings ; dying far away
Till midnight ; then with every hour returning
Louder and louder, like advancing thunders
Riding upon the tempest.

‘ Yet once more
It rose on earthly eyes. One-fourth the hea-
vens

Was cover'd by its bulk. Ere it had reach'd
Its middle course, the huge ball almost fill'd
The sky's circumference ;—and anon there was
No sky !—naught but that terrible world of fire,
Glaring,—and roaring,—and advancing still !

This we think will be allowed by every
one who has a true relish for the sublime to
be a most noble picture. There are many
others equally fine, but for these we must
refer the reader to the poem itself, and can
assure him that if he has been at all delight-
ed by the specimens we have laid before
him, he will not be less so by the perusal of
the whole. Much as we have already ex-
tracted, we cannot forbear adding the fol-
lowing passage, which speaks volumes :—

“ Now thou seest,”
The Spirit said, “ one half the globe,—divided
By day and moonlight night : there Africa,—
Here Asia,—Europe there,—and, opposite
To the south pole, the ocean without shore.

“ How soft and tranquil all from hence ap-
pears !
Like a most exquisite garden, where naught
evil

May ever come ! Those mazy winding shores,
Those calm bright seas,—those sleeping vales,
—those hills

Dappled with light and shade,—those rivers,—
forests,—

Islands,—and lakes,—not visible hence to thee,
But to me clear ;—how beautiful are they all !
Doth it not seem a spot where happy things
Should dwell, for ever happy ? Who would
think

To find in such a paradise broken hearts,—
Emaciated forms,—limbs bent and rigid
With years of ceaseless toil,—faces where
health,

If ever known, hath left no bloom behind ;
But where the miserable heart looks out,
Telling in every feature—wretchedness,
Is this the doom of nature ? No ! 'tis man,—
Weak and mistaken man,—that hath himself
Inflicted on his fellows misery

To purchase that which yet he hath not gained,
A happiness more than simple nature gives.
Pride and self love have been and are the
source

Of general misery : each man for himself
Strives only,—not for needful sustenance
Or harmless joys, which, with a wiser course,
All might, and should have ; but to rise above
His fellow men in wealth and rank and power,
Unheeding how to elevate himself,
Others must be depress'd. As in the sea
Disturb'd by tempests, every wave that climbs
To touch the clouds must leave the waters
nigh

The lower sunk, as it the higher mounts ;
So the rapacious and the ambitious man,
Heaping together wealth, or grasping power,
Must leave his fellows poorer and less free.
One is not great or rich but as the rest
Are poor and weak :—one blouted epicure
Makes many hungry :—one who rolls in wealth
Leaves hundreds pinched with want :—one
despot lives

That millions may be slaves. Did they create
The luxuries they seize, it were not so ;
And they alone were pitiable things,
Mistaking their own good, deeming the means
To be the end. Life's real joys are few ;
But ample for the reach of happiness :

Health and a quiet mind include them all.
But can the wretch who, by unceasing toil
From early morn till night, year after year,
Must earn his meagre food, feel peace of mind ?
Can his worn frame have the fresh glow of
health ?

Can he look pleased on nature's endless
charms,

Which he must never taste ? The fields and
woods,

The seas and hills, are beautiful ; but he
Must sweat in the hot factory or mine,
Shut from the wholesome airs of heaven, the
sights,

The pleasant sounds of nature. When he
rests,

'Tis not to enjoy the happiness of being,
The consciousness of life, on this fine earth ;
But to prepare his jaded limbs to meet
Another day of toil and misery.

And for what end ?—that some proud pamper'd
man

May drink himself to drunkenness,—may
gorge

His greedy stomach till the bloated mass
Becomes corruption,—deck his useless limbs
With gaudy ornaments, and call himself
Wealthy and great. But is he happy then ?
Hath the unremitting toil and wretchedness
Of hundreds given in one heap to him
The happiness that hundreds should have
shared ?

No ! he is proud and wrathful,—covetous

Of more, though he already hath too much :
A thousand foolish wants are satisfied,
But thousands more arise. Look at his nights,
Sleepless and feverish, or distraught with
dreams

That well repay on him the misery
That hundreds feel through him :—he knoweth
not

The luxury of a vigorous limb,—the glow
Of health,—the lightness of the heart,—the
dance

Of innocent spirits :—he is but a cancer
Upon the general body,—in itself
Painful and foul,—and draining the whole mass
Of health and strength.

“Doth the proud monarch sleep
More soundly on the gorgeous couch for which
Thousands have made their bed upon the
ground ?

If he have wisdom, 'twould as brightly shine
Without the glittering jewels on his head,
To furnish which what numbers have lack'd
food

And shelter from the elements ! But not
To kings or nobles doth the blame belong
Exclusively : even those who think themselves
Robb'd by their lords, do rob as greedily
The ranks below themselves, till they whose
toil

Gives all the rest their luxuries, are depress'd
To want and misery. Self-love, thou seest,—
Self-pride,—the cause of all. Would man but
learn

That—to be truly happy, he should strive
To make his fellows so,—all might be well.”

We have left ourselves no room to speak
of the embellishments of this volume, and
must, therefore, content ourselves with
merely observing that they are very super-
ior to book plates in general. They are
from designs by Martin, and serve to con-
vey, as far as can be effected on such a
scale, an idea of the gorgeous magnificence
and the sublimity of that artist's composi-
tion.

*The Adventures and Sufferings of John R.
Jewitt, only Survivor of the Ship Boston,
during a Captivity of nearly Three Years
among the Savages of Nootka Sound, &c.*
12mo. pp. 237. Edinburgh, 1824.

This book is an American yarn, and forms
one of those marvellous stories which are well
calculated to wile away the dreariness of
the mid watch, or to astonish the wonder-
ing minds of land-lubbers on shore.—We
call this an American narrative, because it
first appeared there, the volume before us
being only a reprint. Mr. Jewitt, however,
asserts that he is an Englishman, and was
born in Lincolnshire; when twenty years
of age, he entered on board an American
vessel, commanded by Capt. Salter, and
with this said captain he sailed to Nootka
Sound, killing during the voyage a bird of
the goose kind, measuring only fifteen feet
from wing to wing; this bird was no doubt
first cousin to the American sea-serpent.
Arrived at Nootka, Captain Salter receives
a visit from the king Maquina, to whom he
first presents a double fowling-piece, ‘what
wont go off,’ as *Geoffery Muffin-cap* says,
and then insults by calling him a liar, and
otherwise abusing him; he also takes the
gun from the king, and throws it in the cabin.

‘Am I king,’ says his majesty of Nootka;
‘tis so, but Salter lives!’ and therefore
he determines to remove one who shows
such a want of the respect due to a crown-
ed king; now mark the sequel of such ir-
reverence, as related by the veritable Mr.
Jewitt:—

‘On the morning of the 22d, the natives
came off to us as usual with salmon, and re-
mained on board; when about noon, Ma-
quina came alongside, with a considerable
number of his chiefs and men, in their canoes,
who, after going through the customary ex-
amination, were admitted into the ship. He
had a whistle in his hand, and over his face
a very ugly mask of wood, representing the
head of some wild beast, appeared to be re-
markably good-humoured and gay, and
whilst his people sung and capered about
the deck, entertained us with a variety of
antic tricks and gestures, he blew his whis-
tle to a kind of tune which seemed to re-
gulate their motions. As Captain Salter
was walking on the quarter-deck, amusing
himself with their dancing, the king came
up to him, and inquired when he intended
to go to sea? He answered, to-morrow;
Maquina then said, “you love salmon—
much in Friendly Cove, why not go then
and catch some?” The captain thought
that it would be very desirable to have a
good supply of these fish for the voyage,
and, on consulting with Mr. Delouisa, it
was agreed to send part of the crew on
shore after dinner, with the seine, in order
to procure a quantity. Maquina and his
chiefs staid and dined on board, and after
dinner the chief mate went off with nine
men in the jolly-boat and yawl, to fish at
Friendly Cove, having set the steward on
board at our watering-place, to wash the
captain's clothes.

Shortly after the departure of the boats,
I went down to my vice-bench in the steer-
age, where I was employed in cleaning
muskets. I had not been there more than
an hour, when I heard the men hoisting in
the long-boat, which, in a few minutes after,
was succeeded by a great bustle and con-
fusion on deck. I immediately ran up the
steerage stairs, but scarcely was my head
above deck, when I was caught by the hair
by one of the savages, and lifted from my
feet; fortunately for me, my hair being
short, and the riband with which it was
tied slipping, I fell from his hold into the
steerage. As I was falling, he struck at me
with an axe, which cut a deep gash in my
forehead, and penetrated the skull, but in
consequence of his losing his hold, I luckily
escaped the full force of the blow, which
otherwise would have cleft my head in two.
I fell, stunned and senseless, upon the floor.
How long I continued in this situation I
know not, but, on recovering my senses, the
first thing that I did was to try to get up;
but so weak was I, from the loss of blood,
that I fainted and fell. I was, however,
soon recalled to my recollection, by three
loud shouts or yells from the savages, which
convinced me that they had got possession
of the ship. It is impossible for me to de-
scribe my feelings at this terrific sound.

Some faint idea may be formed of them, by
those who have known what it is to half-
waken from a hideous dream, and still think
it real. Never, no, never shall I lose from
my mind the impression of that dreadful
moment. I expected every instant to share
the wretched fate of my unfortunate com-
panions, and when I heard the song of tri-
umph, by which these infernal yells were
succeeded, my blood ran cold in my veins.

‘Having at length sufficiently recovered
my senses to look around me, after wiping
the blood from my eyes, I saw that the
hatch of the steerage was shut. This was
done, as I afterwards discovered, by order
of Maquina, who, on seeing the savage
strike at me with the axe, told him not to
hurt me, for that I was the armourer, and
would be useful to them in repairing their
arms: while, at the same time, to prevent
any of his men from injuring me, he had the
hatch closed. But to me this circumstance
wore a very different appearance, for I
thought that these barbarians had only pro-
longed my life in order to deprive me of it
by the most cruel tortures.

‘I remained in this horrid state of sus-
pense for a very long time, when, at length,
the hatch was opened, and Maquina, calling
me by name, ordered me to come up. I
groped my way up as well as I was able,
being almost blinded with the blood that
flowed from my wound, and so weak as with
difficulty to walk. The king, on perceiving
my situation, ordered one of his men to
bring a pot of water to wash the blood from
my face, which having done, I was able to
see distinctly with one of my eyes, but the
other was so swollen, from my wound, that
it was closed. But what a terrific specta-
cle met my eyes! six naked savages
standing in a circle around me, cover-
ed with the blood of my murdered com-
rades, with their daggers uplifted in their
hands, prepared to strike. I now thought
my last moment had come, and recom-
mended my soul to my Maker.

‘The king, who, as I have already ob-
served, knew enough of English to make
himself understood, entered the circle, and
placing himself before me, addressed me
nearly in the following words:—“John—I
speak—you no say no—You say no, dag-
gers come!” He then asked me if I would
be his slave during my life—if I would fight
for him in his battles—if I would repair his
muskets, and make daggers and knives for
him—with several other questions, to all of
which I was very careful to answer, yes.
He then told me he would spare my life,
and ordered me to kiss his hands and feet, to
show my submission to him, which I did.
In the meantime his people were very cla-
morous to have put me to death, so that
there should be none of us left to tell our
story to our countrymen, and to prevent
them from coming to trade with them; but
the king, in the most determined manner,
opposed their wishes; and to his favour am
I wholly indebted for my being yet among
the living.

‘As I was busy at work at the time of
the attack, I was without my coat, and,

what with the coldness of the weather, my feebleness from the loss of blood, the pain of my wound, and the extreme agitation and terror that I still felt, I shook like a leaf, which the king observing, went into the cabin, and bringing up a great-coat that belonged to the captain, threw it over my shoulders, telling me to drink some rum from a bottle which he handed me, at the same time giving me to understand that it would be good for me, and keep me from trembling as I did. I took a draught of it, after which, taking me by the hand, he led me to the quarter-deck, where the most horrid sight presented itself that ever my eyes witnessed—the heads of our unfortunate captain and his crew: to the number of twenty-five, were all arranged in a line; and Maquina, ordering one of his people to bring a head, asked me whose it was? I answered, the captain's; in like manner the others were showed me, and I told him the names, excepting a few that were so horribly mangled that I was not able to recognise them.

'I now discovered that all our unfortunate crew had been massacred, and learned, that after getting possession of the ship, the savages had broke open the arm-chest and magazine, and, supplying themselves with ammunition and arms, sent a party on shore to attack our men, who had gone thither to fish, and being joined by numbers from the village, without difficulty overpowered and murdered them, and cutting off their heads, brought them on board, after throwing their bodies into the sea. On looking upon the deck, I saw it entirely covered with the blood of my poor comrades, whose throats had been cut with their own jack-knives, the savages having seized the opportunity while they were busy in hoisting in the boat, to grapple with them, and overpower them by their numbers: in the scuffle the captain was thrown overboard, and dispatched by those in the canoes, who immediately cut off his head.'

Mr. Jewitt escapes, and to this circumstance we are indebted for a knowledge of the barbarities of the king of Nootka Sound; all perished but Mr. Jewitt, and his companion Thompson, who, like the tale of the two cats, which fought and mutually devoured each other, were all that were left,—thanks to the discriminating clemency of Maquina, who spared the only man able to give us such a narrative. Messrs. Jewitt and Thompson remain long 'prisoners at large' in Nootka, and had the opportunity of witnessing some singular transactions; such as men singing war-songs with a brace of bayonets each run through their sides between the ribs, and the king's brother filing his teeth in order, to bite off his wife's nose, because she refused to sleep with him! Then we have a scion of the royal house of Nootka feeling compunction for massacring the whites, and seeing the ghosts of the murdered crew in Nootka; and Mr. Jewitt marrying a beautiful princess, whom he discards. Thompson

son plays his part well, cutting off the heads of the natives who insult him, and, in a war with the A-y-charts, 'killing seven stout fellows who came to attack him.' Our heroes had thus, however, a good opportunity of observing the character of the people and their peculiarities, of which we quote a few specimens:—

'The men wear bracelets of painted leather or copper, and large ear-rings of the latter; but the ornament on which they appear to set the most value is the nose-jewel, if such an appellation may be given to the wooden-stick which some of them employ for this purpose. The king and chiefs, however, wear them of a different form, being either small pieces of polished copper or brass, of which I made many for them, in the shape of hearts and diamonds, or a twisted conical shell, about half an inch in length, of a bluish colour, and very bright, which is brought from the south. These are suspended by a small wire or string to the hole in the gristle of the nose, which is formed in infancy, by boring it with a pin, the hole being afterwards enlarged by the repeated insertion of wooden pegs of an increased size, until it becomes about the diameter of a pipe-stem, though some have them of a size nearly sufficient to admit the little finger.

'The common class, who cannot readily procure the more expensive jewels that I have mentioned, substitute for them usually a smooth round stick, some of which are of an almost incredible length, for I have seen them projecting not less than eight or nine inches beyond the face on each side; this is made fast, or secured in its place, by little wedges on each side of it. These spritsail-yard fellows, as my messmate used to call them, when rigged out in this manner, made quite a strange show; and it was his delight, whenever he saw one of them coming towards us with an air of consequence proportioned to the length of his stick, to put up his hand suddenly as he was passing him, so as to strike the stick, in order, as he said, to brace him up sharp to the wind; this used to make them very angry, but nothing was more remote from Thompson's ideas than a wish to cultivate their favour.'

'On the birth of twins, they have a most singular custom, which, I presume, has its origin in some religious opinions; but what it is I could never satisfactorily learn. The father is prohibited for the space of two years from eating any kind of meat, or fresh fish, during which time he does no kind of labour whatever, being supplied with what he has occasion for from the tribe. In the meantime he and his wife, who is also obliged to conform to the same abstinence, with their children, live entirely separate from the others, a small hut being built for their accommodation: and he is never invited to any of the feasts, except such as consist wholly of dried provision, where he is treated with great respect, and seated among the chiefs, though no more himself than a private individual.

'Such births are very rare among them. An instance of the kind, however,

occurred while I was at Tashees the last time; but it was the only one known since the reign of the former king. The father always appeared very thoughtful and gloomy, never associated with the other inhabitants, and was at none of the feasts, but such as were entirely of dried provision; and of this he eat not to excess, and constantly retired before the amusements commenced. His dress was very plain, and he wore around his head the red fillet of bark, the symbol of mourning and devotion. It was his daily practice to repair to the mountain, with a chief's rattle in his hand, to sing and pray, as Maquina informed me, for the fish to come into their water. When not thus employed, he kept continually at home, except when sent for to sing and perform his ceremonies over the sick, being considered as a sacred character, and one much in favour with their gods.'

If any of our readers should wish to know if we believe Mr. Jewitt's narrative, we honestly assure them we do not, we wished him, however, to speak for himself and his friend Thompson, and therefore have quoted a few passages from his work, which are amusing, if only for their extravagance, and if not true why Mr. Jewitt has Shakspeare for an apologist, who tells us that:—

'Falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.'

—♦—♦—♦—

Practical Wisdom; or, the Manual of Life. The Counsels of Eminent Men to their Children: comprising those of Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Burleigh, Sir Henry Sidney, Earl of Strafford, Francis Osborn, Sir Matthew Hale, Earl of Bedford, William Penn, and Benjamin Franklin. With the Lives of the Authors. 12mo. pp. 330. London, 1824.

THE names that adorn the title-page of this work are among the most distinguished for moral worth or sound understanding; and their precepts do indeed form a course of practical wisdom—a manual of life which no young person should be without. They were all men who had seen much of the world; they had studied men as well as books, and their advice was less founded on theory than on experience; and as it was given to their children, there is the best guarantee of its propriety, and the sincerity with which it was imparted. Of its value we might almost judge from its results, since every one of the children to whom these parents gave their instructions was either distinguished for his talents or his private worth.

The collective wisdom of those sages of antiquity is really an excellent work; the selection is made with good taste; and memoirs of the distinguished individuals, well-written, together with appropriate notes to their precepts, are added: there is also an index to the subjects treated of, which readily enables us to obtain the opinions of the several individuals on the subject, as in the case of *wit*:—

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'Be not scurrilous in conversation, nor satirical in thy jests. The one will make thee unwelcome to all company; the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends. For suspicious jests, when any of them savour of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched. And, albeit, I have already pointed at this inclusively; yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution; because I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather lose their friend than their jest. And if, perchance, their broiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered of it as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.'—*Burleigh*.

'Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry: but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man; for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer of other men's talk than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it.'—*Sidney*.

'You are left as weak in friends as any gentleman I ever knew of your quality; but how much more careful ought you then to be to oblige men by your respective courteous usage towards them, and provident circumspection towards yourself? You are, as I have observed, rash and hasty, apt to fall to censure others, and exercise your wit upon them: take heed of it, it is a quality of great offence to others, and danger towards a man's self; and that jeering jesting demeanour is not to be used but where a man hath great interest in the person, and knows himself to be understood to love and respect him truly; with such a one, if the man be sad and wise to take and return it the right way, a man may be sometime bold, but otherwise never.'—*Strafford*.

'Let your wit rather serve you for a buckler to defend yourself, by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others, though with never so facetious a reproach, remembering that a word cuts deeper than a sharper weapon, and the wound it makes is longer in curing; a blow proceeding but from a light motion of the hand agitated by passion, whereas a disgraceful speech is the result of a low and base esteem settled of the party in your heart.

'Much wisdom resides in the proverbs of all nations, and therefore fit to be taken notice of; of which number this is common amongst us, play with me, but hurt me not, it being past peradventure, that more duels arise from jest than earnest, and between friends than enemies; serious injuries seldom happening but upon premeditation, which affords some reason, though perhaps no full audience; whereas this extemporary spirit, conjured up by shame and smart,

hearkens to nothing but the rash advice of a present revenge.'—*Osborn*.

'If your genius lead you, and I hope it does, to affect a pleasantness of wit, this will charm and win upon all companies. And let me tell you, that a story, and a fit well-chosen tale, well told, has effected that which a more serious and wise debate could never accomplish. The Spanish are singular in this kind, which renders them the best company in the world. And you have often heard me say, that it was the best music I ever heard in Spain. Their gravity in the narration sets off a story exceedingly well; imitate it, if it be possible, and if you can, get the apprelling the same tale in a various dress; that if you should chance to tell the same again, either it will not be known in its disguise, or it may again please, because of its variety; neither were it amiss if you sometimes seem to forget to show your dexterity that way. By no means affect scurrility, and whet not your wit on a dull adversary. It is no way generous to raise mirth or triumph over a fool, whom to overcome can be no victory, when the contention itself was dishonourable. If you meet with a proud, vain, self-conceited man, it may become you well to put such a one out of countenance, so it be done handsomely and like a person of honour, for all men are well pleased to see a vain man well rallied.'—*Earl of Bedford*.

Although some of our readers may be acquainted with many of the precepts in the volume, yet we shall make an extract from Sir Matthew Hale's advice to his grandchildren. It relates to our conduct to our equals and superiors, and forms an excellent guide in that respect:—

'In relation to your equals, observe these directions: 1. Be courteous and respectful to them both in words and gestures; offer them the precedence, and take not place of an equal, unless it be earnestly pressed upon you; for such a small trifle will procure you many friends, and will not abate any thing of your respect. It is a foolish and ridiculous thing for any man or woman to be contending or shuffling for precedence. Give it to any, rather than take it against their mind. It will not abate the value that others will have of you, and among wise and discreet persons it will give you the reputation of a discreet person. 2. In your choice of a companion, rather choose an equal than an inferior or superior. But, touching this, I shall say more in the next general head.

'In relation therefore to superiors. Superiors are in several kinds: as, superiors in age; superiors in estates; superiors in authority, as magistrates; superiors in place, as noblemen; superiors in relation, as parents, husbands, masters; and touching your carriage to all superiors, observe these directions.

'First. Give all due respect and reverence to your superiors; as by uncovering the head, making obeisance, giving them the place and precedence, giving them leave to speak before you, not catching the words out of their mouths before they have done

speaking, as the fashion of some giddy people is. These, and the like demonstrations of respect, cost you nothing, and yet many times are of great advantage, and always are well taken.

'Secondly. Contend not with a superior about a trifle, but rather pass it by without taking notice of it; neither willingly upon any account go to law with them, unless it be upon a great injury, and such as your condition or estate cannot well bear; and even in such cases use all due application, either by yourself or by the mediation of others, to compose the difference: for, as always lawsuits are troublesome and hazardous and expensive, so they are much more such, where an inferior contends with a superior in estate, place, or authority; for if you are worsted, you are in danger to be over-run by the power of the adversary, and though you prevail and have the better in the suit, yet you make him an implacable enemy, that will be always watching an opportunity to be quits with you, and, one time or other, it is a thousand to one but he will do you a displeasure. Therefore, let your suit at law, with a man greater or more powerful than yourself, be your last refuge, and that in case of great and extreme necessity.

'Thirdly. Never make a man that is much your superior in wealth or honour your ordinary companion, for the reasons given before in the foregoing chapter.

'Fourthly. Visit your superior at his house sometimes, to testify your respect; but let it be very seldom, and that not at meals, but in an afternoon: for your often visits will be but troublesome; and your visiting at meals, besides other inconveniences, will draw you into this great one, that you will draw the like inconvenience upon yourself, in which if you do not equal him, it will make you ridiculous; and if it do equal him, it will be too chargeable for you to bear.

'And what I say touching visits of superiors, I would have you observe as to equals; for one entertainment invites another, which, if it fall out often, will be not only a perpetual trouble, but an occasion of excessive expense. If my friend come to me to eat with me uninvited, he must content himself with welcome, and what he finds; but if it once come to an invitation, the preparation must be more costly than ordinary, or it answers not expectation.

'Fifthly. And therefore never invite any great man to your house to an entertainment; for possibly his ordinary meals are as good as your feast, or better, and then you shall be laughed at for your parsimony; and if you go to exceed, you shall be laughed at for your prodigality; however, your purse shall suffer beyond what it is well able to bear.

'Sixthly. Never receive any kindness from any man, either superior or equal, which you are not able to repay without great charge and detriment to yourself; for then you are in very great danger to be made his slave or his enemy: and, many times, great kindnesses from great men are but preambles to some great kindness to be

done to them, and if they are disappointed therein they become the most bitter enemies. I have oftentimes known, when extraordinary respect and favours or kindnesses are shown from great men to their inferiors, that within a little time after, a message hath been sent, or desire made to be bound for him or to sell him such a parcel of land that lies convenient for him, or to do him such piece of service as is either unseemly or dangerous; and then the man that received the kindness is either so taken or mollified by the kindness received, that he must perform that which is requested; or if he be so hardy as to deny it, the great man becomes his great enemy. Therefore, be wary how you receive great kindnesses from great men, lest they be attended with an expectation of such services from you, as are either unfit, or unsafe, or inconvenient, to be performed by you.

'Seventhly. It is an excellent rule of Sir Francis Bacon to his son, that if there be occasion for an inferior to make a present to his superior, that it be not too costly, nor such as is in danger to be quickly forgotten; but the present to be small, and such as may have continuance and always in view, as some slight picture, or a staff, or a book: but never present a judge with any thing of what kind soever; for if he be wise and just, he will suspect your business, and reject your present as a bribe; and if he be unjust and receive your present, you may be overcome by your adversary, and so lose your gift and your cause too: and bribery is a base offence, both in the giver and in the taker.

'And thus much shall serve touching your civil deportment to your inferiors, equals, and superiors.'

We have already alluded to the notes, and, as a specimen, we quote one on the Earl of Bedford's advice to his son, as it points out the advantages of conversation:—

'Mr. Locke used to say, that of every ten things he knew, he had learnt nine in conversation: which might be attributed in a great measure to the happy art he had of always engaging persons to talk of their own peculiar professions and pursuits. Raleigh says of Bacon, that prodigy of learning and multifarious information, that "he would draw a man, and allure him to speak upon such a subject wherein he was peculiarly skilful, and would delight to speak; and for himself, he contemned no man's observations, but would light his torch at every man's candle." Fuller, in the same manner, commends Lord Burleigh for being "pleasant and merry at meals," remarking that "he had a pretty wit-rack in himself, to make the dumb to speak, to draw speech out of the most sullen and silent guest at his table, to show his disposition in any point he should propound." This is, indeed, a most delightful way to connect the relaxation of social intercourse, with the acquirement of useful knowledge, wresting the hours devoted to pleasure from the grasp of intemperance, and devoting them to the arts and sciences, in their most unassuming and attractive garb.'

British and Foreign Popular Airs, adapted as Familiar Rondos and Variations for the Piano Forte. By JOSEPH DE PINNA.

M. DE PINNA certainly possesses the talent of familiarizing the most difficult music to ordinary capacities. The twenty-five British and foreign airs he has selected are truly popular, and are likely to become much more so through the medium of M. de Pinna's Familiar Rondos and Variations, which we unhesitatingly recommend to all our musical readers, as a very valuable aid to their improvement.

Letters to Young Ladies on their Entrance into the World: to which are added Sketches from Real Life. By Mrs. LANFEAR, Author of Fatal Errors, &c. 12mo. pp. 254. London, 1824.

Few periods in the life of an individual are so important as that when we first enter into the world, or are first released from that positive parental authority which wholly guides or dictates our conduct; in this case, the first step is often decisive, and our future conduct in life depends on the impression society makes upon us, or we make on society. Mrs. Lanfear's well-written and well-intentioned letters are intended for young ladies who have quitted school, and are on the threshold of the great theatre of the world. They point out the duties incumbent on young ladies in the cultivation of their understanding by education, entreating them, while young, 'to endeavour to acquire some store of useful knowledge, and daily and hourly try to regulate their hearts, their understandings, their tempers, and their duties, by fixed and steady principles of religion and morality.'

Mrs. Lanfear does not confine her instructions to the period of youth, but points out the duties and proper conduct of females in the several situations of daughter, sister, wife, and mother. To these letters are added five sketches of females of different dispositions and education, as the indulged, the active, the unstable, the discreet, and the selfish. These are pretty little tales, which illustrate their respective subjects, and inculcate an useful moral.

The Wonders of Elora. By CAPT. SEELY.
(Continued from page 275.)

WELL, indeed, may Capt. Seely call the temples of Elora 'Wonders,' since the imagination cannot conceive the extent or the grandeur of those extraordinary excavations; and it is a melancholy reflection to think that a people who possessed so high a degree of cultivation, and displayed such knowledge of the arts as these temples evince, should have sunk into a state of ignorance or barbarism. We scarcely know who to admire most, the architect who formed the vast design of hewing a city out of a mountain of granite, or the munificent prince who patronized a project so gigantic; and yet such is the caprice of history, 'the noblest spur unto the sons of fame,' that

while the name of Erostratus, who destroyed one temple, is perpetuated, that of the founder of the many temples of Elora is sunk in oblivion.

The temples of Elora do not consist of mere walls, floors, and roofs, but they are finely ornamented, in many parts most elaborately sculptured, and enriched with several well-executed statues and figures of Hindoo deities. The ceiling of one room is upheld by forty massy square plain pillars, of the enormous girth of ten feet ten inches at the centre; the ceiling, floor, walls, and pillars are all exceedingly well cut, perfect in their proportions, and of a fine polish: and yet this apartment is a room on the third story of the Teen Tal described in our last.

Capt. Seely expresses a hope, in which we most sincerely join, that as Elora and the adjacent country has now come into our possession, some attention will be bestowed on these wonderful monuments of antiquity.

The arched temple of Visvacarma, of which Capt. S. gives an interior view, is, as he observes, a singular piece of almost incredible labour, and of itself enough to stamp the glory of any country. It is hewn out of the solid rock, penetrating one hundred and thirty feet, with a roof thirty-five feet six inches high. At the eastern end stands an immense hemispherical mass of rock as an altar, in front of which are three figures. The temple dedicated to Jaganaut is at the extremity of the northern range, and distant a mile from that of Keylas; a more magnificent excavation, however, is the *Temple of Indra*, which is second only to Keylas, to which temple it has a considerable resemblance in design:—

'Like Keylas, it is adorned with an obelisk on the left-hand side, as displayed in the plate. It is, however, of a much lighter appearance, and more carved, than the two in front of Keylas. Instead of a lion at top, lights are placed at festivals. The brahmin affirmed these had formerly been two obelisks, but that Aurangzebe had destroyed the one on the right. Of this I have my doubts, as I could discover no remains of its base or any fallen fragments. This temple, like Keylas, has had a wall in front, and gateways were left standing, as the excavation was hewn downwards, outwardly enclosing the area. It is not an idle conjecture, with regard to both Keylas and this temple, with their large areas, insulated temples in the centre (nearly), and their boundary sides excavated to a considerable depth, that the workmen commenced their task at the upper part of the mountain, and worked their way downwards. In the temples perforated and scooped out of the front face of the mountain their prodigious labour may have been differently commenced and completed. This problem, however, I leave to more competent judges.

'In doing justice to these fine and singular excavations my wish is, to be as explicit as possible, that I may be clearly understood by all classes of readers. Here we may remark, that these two curious and

stupendous works (Keylas and Indra's temple) have been constructed downwards, the roof being the first part that was finished, the workmen proceeded gradually down to the basement, where their foundations remain as originally placed by the "Great First cause," and where the enormous block will remain immovably bedded in its primitive soil till that dread day when chaotic convulsions shall rend the earth, or, in the words of the poet, when—

"Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away."

This fine and large excavation looks directly into the area, and faces the back part of the insulated temple in the court below. It is formed, by sections of pillars, into nearly two square apartments, one being within the other. The floor of the outer square is eleven inches lower than the inner, and three steps are cut to ascend to the platform. It is likewise distinguished on the outer or front side by a ledge of rock that proceeds the entire length of the apartment from north to south, three feet, two inches in height, and one foot in thickness; so that the outer side is not unlike a distinct viranda or gallery. The inner square is distinguished, not only by the raised floor, but likewise by an altar placed in the centre. The floor is richly carved in some places. The pillars that form the inner square are seven feet three inches asunder, are twelve in number, and of the amazing dimensions of three feet four inches square, having the globular-shaped capitals, shafts, and pedestals, richly carved: a part only in the centre of the shaft is left unsculptured. It is impossible to describe them technically without a professional knowledge of architecture; but the accompanying sketch [which we subjoin] will convey an idea of this excavation.

The three sides of the room, the front being open, have four pilasters on each wall, and which the artists have judiciously placed opposite the corresponding pillars in the centre of the apartment, to preserve an uniform appearance. Surely these wonderful workmen must have been of a different race to the present degenerate Hindoos, or the country and government must have been widely different from what it is at the present day. One's mind is so bewildered at beholding these stupendous and immortal works, that the most frigid and taciturn person could not suppress his feelings of wonder and delight in walking over these temples and habitations, fit residences for their gods only. The artificers have not only adorned the walls with pilasters, but I really do not think there are five square inches of the walls left undecorated, as minutely as it is perfectly done, with figures, emblems of religion, tasteful ornaments, and wreaths of flowers. The centre of the ceiling is ornamented with a kind of medallion, containing large flowers, curved upwards, and richly fluted.

The principal figures in this room are entitled to distinct notice. As they are honoured with thrones or niches by the workmen, a common feeling of respect en-

titles them to a niche in our book, and, from their high rank, an engraved delineation. At the north and south ends of the apartment are placed large figures of Indra and of his consort Indranee, seated as shown in the plate; but, as that does not explain their size, it is necessary to mention, that they are of the Patagonian breed; as Raj Indra, in his sitting posture, is nearly 7 feet high, and 4 feet 3 inches across the shoulders; and, like a god ought to be placed, sitting on an elephant, the emblem of great strength and sagacity. The Anglo-Indian will instantly discover in his countenance the contented, lank, sleek, well-fed, vegetable-eating Brahmins of Upper Bengal of the present day. The head is adorned with a kind of tiara, something similar to the cap worn by Brahma now-a-days: the sacerdotal thread (*Jaonne* or *Zennar*) passes over his left shoulder.

We intentionally omit the historical notices of the deities, as the Hindoo mythology has long ago been very amply treated of in *The Literary Chronicle*. One of the rooms in the temple of Indra contains a figure of Raja Rameka, which appears to be the personification of Fury:—

The dimensions of this richly-sculptured apartment are sixty-six feet ten inches in breadth from the recess or small room containing the figure; seventy-eight feet two inches in depth; height, fourteen feet. The whole has been plastered and painted. There is a great curiosity in this apartment: from two small pillars, near the doorway, on being struck with the hand, a deep hollow sound issues, not unpleasing to the ear. These pillars are very slender, being only one foot ten inches in circumference. The sound continues about a quarter of a minute. None of the other pillars possess the same property. The Brahmins who were around me did not let this favourable chance of indulging in their penchant for the marvellous escape them. Various causes were assigned, and tales told of these curious pillars, equally extravagant and absurd. As a relation of them would only tend to the satisfaction of those pleased with trifles and phantasms, we will pass by the subject. I observed, being in a merry mood, to those about me, that probably they were constructed by Aurungzebe. The frown of ineffable contempt and disgust that overspread the hitherto placid countenances of the Brahmins, dressed in their white graceful garments; the scowling contraction of features of some characteristically-attired and ornamented fakeers; two fanatics, perfectly naked, besmeared on the breast, shoulders, and forehead with red ochre and brown clay—their whole frame daubed over with oil and the dust of wood-ashes—their hair thickly matted, and approaching in parts to a brick-dust colour, reaching to their knees; the uplifted hands and eyes of three or four fat *Vaishnavas*:—the appearance of this motley assemblage at my observation about Aurungzebe was highly picturesque: two or three of my Siphanees, in their neat undress clothes, although Hindoos, affirming with a look of self-import-

ance and gratulation, that it must be so if I said it. Near these stood, dressed in all the frippery and pride of a *petit-maitre* (which the degenerate descendants of the Portuguese are so fond of), with measuring rod and line, conscious of his importance as deputy surveyor, and affecting to look wise and knowing, my second servant Joe. Last, and not least, the author himself, with camp-stool and note-book, clad in only three articles of white linen, viz. shirt, jacket, and trousers, with feet to them. All these curious figures, congregated in the spacious and beautiful upper floor of Indra's temple, would have presented a picturesque group not often met with in drawings, or described on paper: the latter being the apology I have to offer for its insertion.

Descending by a flight of stairs leading from the southern end of the temple, we arrive at the ground-floor. This is likewise a fine spacious room, but undecorated, and is by no means so well finished. In depth it exceeds the upper story by sixteen inches; in breadth it is little more than half that of the upper room, being only thirty-eight feet eight inches; in height it is just the same. The floor of the upper apartment, or the ceiling of the lower room, is supported by ten massive pillars, nearly plain, but having similar capitals to those above: they are larger in girth, being four feet square. From this ground-floor we step into the area. There are two rooms on the southern side of the court that have not been finished; and what has been excavated is not of equal workmanship to the apartment we have just quitted. The figure of a Rishis, sculptured on the outside, above the lower room, is imperfectly finished, or else its proportions and surface have been injured by its exposed situation. In the area, not far in front of the temple, is a large stone figure of an elephant, standing, whose back is just seen over the wall: it is thirteen feet four inches long, and eight feet eleven inches in height. The height of the rock at this part of the excavation may be estimated at about forty feet: that on the opposite side of the area is a few feet more in altitude. Crossing the area, on the north side of the mountain is an open apartment, profusely sculptured with human figures, and those of elephants, lions, serpents, musical instruments, &c. The depth of this room, including a recess with a figure of Pursaru Rama, is thirty-two feet four inches; breadth thirty feet; and the height of the room twelve feet two inches. A small excavation adjoins this, the dimensions of which are sixteen feet by eight feet two inches, having a low ceiling of only seven feet one inch. By some accidental omission or interruption in my pursuits, I find no mention made of the pillars, or of the apartment above.

Among the vast number of interesting objects that constantly claimed one's attention, the intricate measurements and the great variety of sculpture very often so bewildered me, that I did not know which way to turn or what to commence with first. I am not a professed writer or tourist, but hope I possess sufficient integrity to acknow-

ledge a neglect rather than insert that of which I am ignorant.'

As accessories to the temples, there are several large excavated apartments, which appear to have been as dormitories for servants; these are of course inferior in point of embellishment to the temples and the more stately apartments. The temple of Dhurma Linga is not inferior in point of magnitude to those already described:—

'From the front of the excavation to the inner wall, the depth is one hundred and fifty-two feet; and lengthwise, from north to south, one hundred and forty-one feet: height of the room sixteen feet eleven inches.

'In an apartment of these great dimensions, and with the prodigious weight of its solid rocky roof, the pillars require to be proportionably stout and numerous; for whilst the excavated apartment does not exceed seventeen feet, the towering mass above from the ground, at the front of the mountain to its summit, averages from sixty feet to upwards of one hundred feet; whilst, just at the entrance of the avenue, the height is not much above thirty feet. It will be easily conceived that the feeling of a visitor upon first entering this temple is that of fear, and the first object to which he directs his eyes are the pillars; and he involuntarily crouches ere he casts a look at the ceiling to see if it is firm and steadfast,—no fissures,—no decay. Neither by habits, constitution, or profession, do I possess timid fancies; but I must confess it was two or three minutes before I felt serene and secure enough to calmly contemplate this stupendous apartment. There is, however, no occasion for apprehension: the rock is as firm as when it first started from chaos, the whole being in excellent preservation.

'There are forty-four pillars supporting the ceiling or roof; for above it is an undivided mass of rock. These pillars are of immense proportions, no less than sixteen feet four inches in girth; at the base being four feet three inches and a quarter square. About two-thirds of the shaft is plain and square, the rest fluted and ornamented with carving. They have the same kind of capitals as those already described, but not so globular, and a good deal more flattened: a beam of rock over each capital crosses them all, not at right angles, but from east to west, for the evident purpose of supporting the roof, these being of considerable thickness. One of the beams is larger than the others; and though I could not perceive any crack or flaw that caused such a precaution, doubtless the architect had his reasons. There is a very trifling difference in the square of some of the pillars. Within this room, and towards the inner side, stands a distinct room, thirty feet square, ascended by five stone steps, having a doorway cut in each wall, between which entrances and the angles are large gigantic figures cut, in high relief, in a standing position; the height is thirteen feet six inches; some are of smaller stature. This small square temple is an integral part of the mountain, as the floor is undetached,

although it interrupts the series of pillars. Small as it is, it bespeaks our admiration of the workmen.

Without standing on the order of our proceeding, we shall quit these excavated wonders for a moment, to come to Capt. Seely's description of the Mausoleum of Rabea Doorany, the favourite wife of Aurungzebe. This mausoleum, of which our author gives an excellent engraving, was built by the emperor, at an expense of £90,000.

'The mausoleum which we are now about to visit, after passing a large gateway with handsome gates covered with plates of embossed brass, is approached by a paved avenue, having a piece of water and thirteen fountains in the centre, the whole agreeably shaded by a profusion of trees, consisting of orange, lime, pomegranates, peach, and a few apple trees. At the end of the avenue, within a spacious area, built on a terrace, stands the fabric, which is ascended by a few steps. It is a square of seventy-two feet (not an octagon). From the foundation on the terrace, for five feet, the material is white marble; the windows at this part of the building are thirteen feet by six feet four inches; they are three in number, of exquisite trellis-work, so fine and minute indeed, that it must have required infinite skill not to have damaged the material or ruined it, which the least flaw of the chisel, or inattention in the workman, must inevitably have occasioned. Above the height mentioned the superstructure is of stone stuccoed: but the large dome surmounting the whole is of marble. The tomb is placed in the centre of the building, the top of it reaching nearly on a level with the terrace: you descend to it by twenty-four steps, the same as going into a bath. The tomb is enclosed by a light and elegant marble screen of trellis-work of an octagon figure. Nothing can be more delicate than the chiseling of the screen; in fact, the niceness and precision necessary to prevent a fracture in thus perforating a solid slab of marble must have been very great. It may not be inaptly likened to the meshes of a fishing-net, only that the lines are thicker. The apertures cut in the windows are circular; these are angular. The whole of the screen occupies, measuring from the little marble door at the head of the tomb to the one at the opposite end, seventy-two feet; so that each angle of the octagon may be estimated at eighteen feet: the height of the screen is nine feet, and the frame is only four inches in thickness. The floor within the screen is raised two inches above the outer aisle, and the tomb itself stands on a terrace ten inches higher than the floor. The whole side of this spacious vault is lined with white marble; and from being quite open at top, it may not be inaptly compared to a bath.

'A little above the level of the top of the tomb, and a few feet distant, is an open gallery of an octagonal form, that proceeds all round the building, and upon a level with the three windows already mentioned. The foundations of this gallery form the

sides of the apartment which contains the sepulchre. This extensive gallery is of marble; and whether the visitor is peering through the trellis-work of the windows, or viewing the spacious dome above, or contemplating the splendid tomb of departed greatness below, the objects are equally impressive and beautiful.

'The tomb of Rabea Doorany is correspondent with the superb edifice in which it is placed. Over the tomb was thrown a covering of scarlet velvet, with a deep rich gold fringe: this was held down by eight large marble knobs. The attendants, at my request, removed the pall; but there is nothing more to be observed in the cemetery of royalty than in the tomb of the peasant. Poor frail mortality, whether deposited in marble or in mother earth, is much the same: it only reminds us of an end to which we are all fast hastening.'

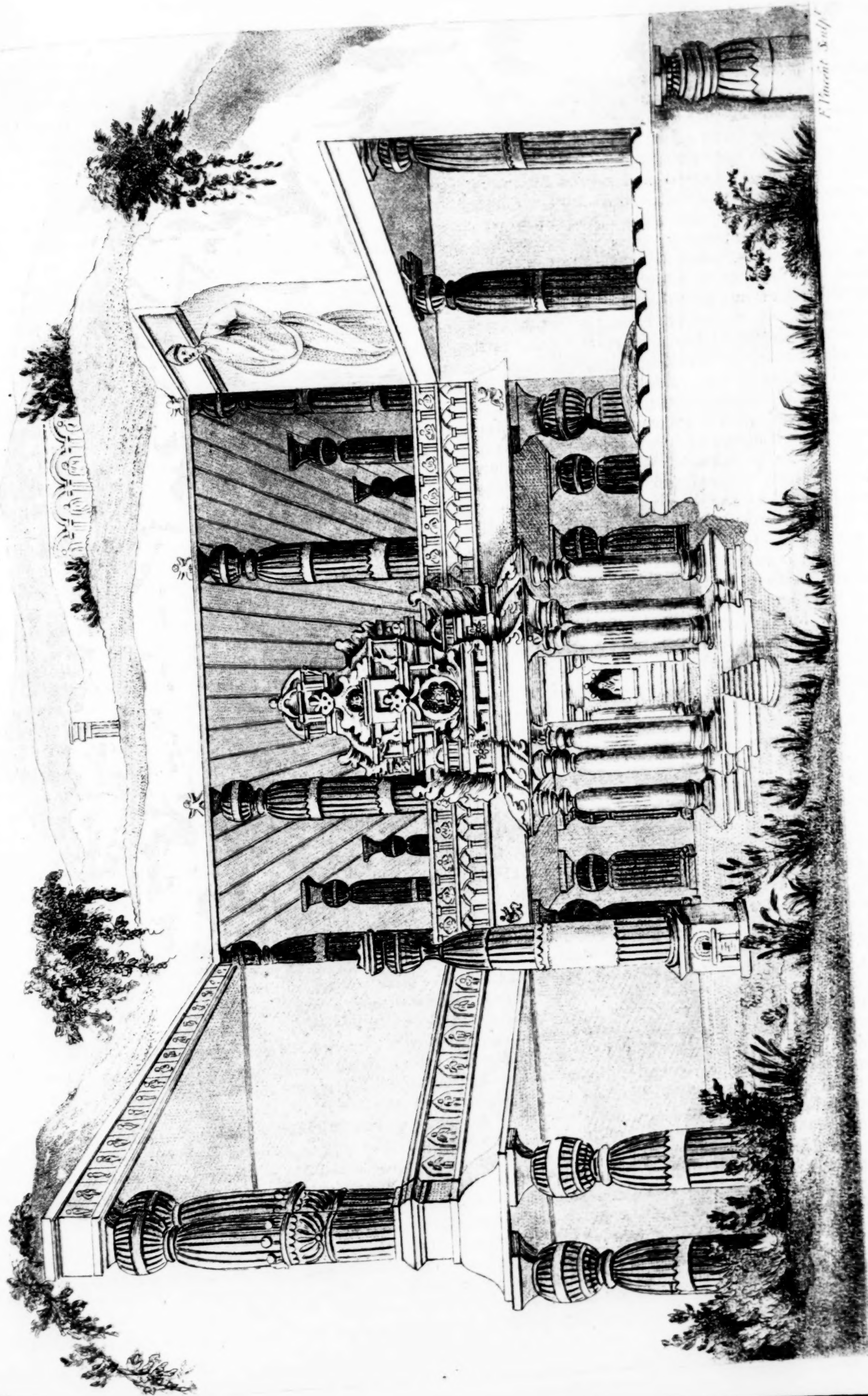
'The paved quadrangular area, or Durgah, which surrounds the terrace on which the Mausoleum is built, is of considerable extent. At each angle is a tower, or minaret, estimated at seventy-two feet in height, and ascended by a spiral staircase of one hundred and twenty-two stone steps; and at the top of the minaret is a balcony, thirty-one feet in circumference. At the foundation, the girth of the minaret is forty-eight feet. It is built partly of stone and brick. The ascent to the top is by no means difficult; and from thence the prospect is remarkably fine, embracing a view of great extent and variety, and including the mountains passed over in yesterday's journey. At the foot lies the city, with its mosques, minarets, spacious edifices with terraced roofs, court yards, numerous gardens, streams of water, cypress trees, fountains, &c. &c. Immediately adjoining is the tomb, with its fine grounds and mosques.

'On the left-hand side of the Mausoleum, situate between the gardens and the building, is a handsome room, open on one side, sixty-two feet by fifty-four, and twenty-two feet in height. The room is floored with white marble in part, and intersected with streaks of black marble. A part of it is chunamed, or plastered, but so well hardened and smoothed, that it has the polish of marble, and nearly its hardness. This part of the floor is of a chocolate colour. The open entrance has the Gothic arch, and is very prettily carved. This part of the building is supported by fluted wooden pillars, graduated to the commencement of the capital: the flutings of the pillars are painted green and white alternately. The whole stands upon a raised terrace, as, in fact, do most Mussulman and Hindoo buildings. The name of the room is said to be the Jummal Caun, a retiring-place for the priests to assemble before proceeding to their daily orisons at the tomb of Rabea.

As we are sure our readers will feel as much interest as we do in the Wonders of Elora, we present them, in the next page, with a copper-plate engraving of the temple of Indra, which admirably illustrates the description we have quoted from Capt. Seely's excellent work.

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View of the Temple of Indra,
Himalayas, Mountain.

F. Vincent Sculp.

ORIGINAL.

RURAL SPORTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I address you frankly and affectionately, for you are a man after my own heart, and I am determined to become better acquainted with you: you love May-poles and merry meetings, gay holidays, and warm hearts,—so do I: and though, mayhap, there is some twenty years' difference in our ages, yet I am persuaded that we are better calculated to be friends than multitudes who adopt the name.

You observe with too much truth that the usages of our ancestors are daily declining in all matters of recreation and joviality; yet it is certain that many excellent customs still exist in the country, which may be sought and enjoyed, for I regularly have partaken of them every other summer, since I left the land of my fathers, on the borders of Derbyshire, some thirty-five years ago. It moves my spleen, I confess, to see the great Scottish novelist, and his followers (clever as they are), describe with such gravity the amusements and customs of our forefathers, as if they were things obsolete or traditional, when probably not a month before I have witnessed or partaken in them. These gentry know nothing of England, save what they see in a periodical visit to London; and because the severity of John Knox and his descendants banished from their upright but gloomy church every thing that savoured of systematic diversion, they conclude that we are similarly situated, and they examine musty records, or listen to mumbling old women, on subjects which a short journey would enable them to see and to investigate for themselves.

Had Sir Walter Scott stopped a week at Harrogate, he would have found the word *snidering*, or *snithering*, of which he has given us a copious investigation, in common use, as well as many others; such as '*fardels*,' which has puzzled the wise commentators of Shakspeare, and drawn from them observations equally far-fetched and ridiculous. The midland and northern counties have, in fact, a more extended vocabulary than the southern ones; and if, in our refinement, we cut away such words as provincialisms, farewell to Spencer and all the poetry of his day.

Mais courage, mon ami;—old English words and old English merriment may yet be found. Can you steal away from the cheerless crowd, the heartless soli-

citude, the dust and noise of London, and go with me on my annual visit to the Lakes of Cumberland, the agricultural districts of Yorkshire, and the Peak of Derbyshire? where I will undertake to show you 'a brave peasantry,' and their paternal landlords, still exercising ancient privileges, sports, and recreations; where 'laughter, holding both her sides,' shall enable us to doff all our town-bred cares and fastidiousness, and mingle with our fellow-creatures in the full, sympathetic, sparkling, joyousness, which runs from breast to breast with electric contagion, in scenes where hilarity is at once a charm and a virtue, where mirth and good fellowship, kind hearts and merry ones, are deemed synonymous.

'Tis true, the friends of whom I speak might, in the first instance, be a little afraid of receiving a pale student, an abstracted genius, or that still more terrific personage, an author; but when once you have been tipsy with them, all their fears will subside, and you will be free of the house and the heart of each for life. The grasp of warm hands, the smile of sunshining faces, and the kiss of coral lips (for even kissing is not quite obsolete) will be henceforward your portion; if you are the man I take you to be, Mr. Editor,—that is, a man as he should be (so far as he can), with the best affections of his nature, his senses, and his spirits, in full-play,—surely you will be tempted to accept my invitation.

But I am this moment informed that you have a pretty young wife and other pretty claimants on your prudence, &c. Then still go in the way of business, and learn to describe scenes which have continued, though antecedent to, the feats of the abbot of mis-rule. So may you escape the extraordinary ignorance displayed by the really clever author of Percy Mallory, when he places smugglers on the banks of Ullswater, a lake more than forty miles from the sea, where the name and the office are alike utterly unknown; nor will you speak of the sword-dance as the exclusive exhibition of the Hebrides, for I will show it to you performed in perfection at Knaresbro'! I will take you to Balborough, where the squire of the parish, within a few years, has expended three hundred pounds in erecting a May-pole, and you shall see dancing and merriment in all their ancient perfection. Ah! sir, when I was a boy, such scenes might be found through all the midland counties every successive week in summer; but alas! the French revolution, by bringing political knowledge into fa-

shion, banished them into the most re-cluse villages. Many a fine fellow, who would have won a pound of tobacco by grinning through a horse-collar, has been reduced to a scanty pipe, by arguing on the state of Europe; and lads nimble enough to have caught a well-soaped pig by the tail, have been ruined by grappling with newspapers. The progress of improvement has produced very retrograde movements in many ways;—but I will not rail, lest you should conclude me older than I am, but I will tell you what may really yet be found in the way of pastimes, and to which I pledge myself to introduce you.

In Christmas time, all through the midland counties, you will find bands of mummers in every village, with a magnificent St. George, a Pagan prince, and an Arabian doctor; and at Knaresborough and its neighbourhood, the sword-dance (as spoken of in the novel of the Pirate) is regularly performed, and very admirably too, by young men in the houses of the neighbouring gentry. When May comes,—that season of love and bloom, of sweet odours and cheerful sounds,—the annual wakes or feasts of different villages begin in Derbyshire; and you may travel, if you like it, from one to another till the last leaves of autumn have dropped. Every where you will be received with all the honours of a guest, with hospitality that may sometimes oppress you by its kindness, but will not, for a moment, desert its post. In every house a table is spread from morning to night, besides the provision for stated meals: amusements of various kinds succeed each other, friends are arriving or departing, and the whole neighbourhood is replete with life and motion, joy and satisfaction. Blithe lads and pretty lasses, hale old fellows and their buxom dames, generous 'squires, grey-headed serving-men, giggling girls, laughing hobble-dehays, and chuckling brats, are all congregated for the purposes of mirth and good cheer, renewed friendship, and that renovation of heart and memory, that oblivion of care and labour, which renders pleasure itself a duty, by making it the medium of renewed virtue, in the exercise of our best affections and our strongest ties to society.

Let not the cynic, in his hour of ennui, sneer at the homeliness, the vulgarity, of our company or their pursuits. The pure heart and the manly mind, the reflective taste, which leads us to retrace the progress of manners or to read original character as it exists in human nature, under the purest and simplest mo-

difications, will enable us to dispense with dandy refinements; and we shall unquestionably find, not only the charms of rural, but even classic associations, in the dances, processions, and exhibitions, to be met with in various village fêtes: such are well-flowering and rush-bearing, as described in the Peak Scenery, for no one can doubt that they were instituted in honour of Flora. Morrice-dancing is said to owe its origin to the Moors, whose dances (the Moriscoes) were transmitted to us from Spain; be that as it may, the thing, as it is now performed at Dromfield and other places, is one of the most beautiful and exhilarating spectacles the mind can conceive or the eye delight in. Imagine, Mr. Editor, thirty or forty couple of young men, arrayed in neat buckskins, with hose and shirts that rival the mountain snow, the latter having very full sleeves, tied in with bunches of ribbon, from the shoulders to the wrist, sashes across the shoulders, wreaths of flowers on their heads, dancing to gay music, through lanes and over lawns, seen partially through green trees and flowery brakes, beneath the pure blue of a summer sky, fanned by breezes that bear the odours of the May-flower and the hedge-rose on their wing. They are preceded by a grotesque figure, calling himself their father, and he brings them first to the old hall of the squire, who never fails to admit them within his precincts, and regale them with his ale; thence they go to all the gentry who have a convenient space in which to receive them, and in the vicarage-garden never fail to display themselves to the best advantage;—no wonder, many bright eyes are gazing on them there, and who knows what his worship may have to do next for the handsome lads and pretty damsels before him,—he has christened them all, catechised them, and will marry them some time. How many throbbing hearts, how many proud and happy hearts, are in this group. Every mother's eye is on her son, every father is comparing his boy with himself, every maiden knows whom she considers the best dancer, and every dancer desires one person's approbation beyond all the rest; hopes and fears, ambition, rivalry, and jealousy, are all stirring, but yet they are all subservient to the general joyousness and spirit-stirring energy of the scene. All is gay and delectable,—the soul of healthful enjoyment is abroad, and felt in every nerve. The relaxation from toil, which is more than rest; the absolute consci-

ousness of present riches, hoarded with care to be dissipated with delight, yet not with regret; the generous joy of giving, tasted at this moment even by the poorest; and the kindly equality, one universal feeling of abandonment to festal pleasure and rural amusement, which pervades high and low, renders such scenes at once inspiring and affecting. I am no sickly sentimentalist—I belong to the rudely-mirthful on these occasions; yet the 'hail, fellow, well met' looks and hand-shakings I have witnessed between old gentlemen and their old tenantry, have filled my eyes with precious drops that still glisten in my memory.

And, then, to see the young ladies with their pleasant looks, and the interest they take in the youths (for the sake, perhaps, of their own hand-maidens), thus eliciting towards themselves that old chivalrous feeling by which man binds himself to the service of woman, by the noblest and purest loyalty of service of which his nature is capable. In short, all our best feelings, as well as our gayest moments, are connected with such scenes: and I again say, come with me and enjoy them, return and describe them, and thus prolong, so far as you can, the innocent pleasures and the sterling advantages connected with them.

Your's truly,
JONATHAN OLDWORTH.

THE ASHANTEES.

[A CORRESPONDENT, to whom we have often been indebted, and on whose veracity we can rely, has favoured us with the following extracts from a letter of an English officer at Cape Coast Castle, which, at the present moment, will be read with interest, on account of the recent news of the defeat of our troops, at Accra, by the Ashantees.—ED.]

Cape Coast Castle, Royal Gold Coast, Africa,
19th April, 1823.

DEAR *****,—I wrote to you, when we lay in Lisbon, and I hope you received the letter, as it contained the whole contents of our voyage, and a very uncomfortable one it was, I assure you. We sailed from Lisbon on the 1st of March, had a tolerable good passage from thence to Cape Coast, caught several large sharks, and a fine dolphin, nearly seven feet long, which weighed about 70 lbs. A very curious circumstance happened one night: having left our lines out, on going to look at one of them the next morning, we found a monstrous shark's head fast to it, but no body; so that, we suppose, some large fish must have taken it for a dead bait.

We landed in Cape Coast on the 2nd of April, where we commenced duty

with the Royal African Light Infantry, widely different to that lounge parade to which the Guards are accustomed in St. James's Park. I observed only eleven *white* men in the Royal Artillery here, and they looked to me as singularly as the three *blacks* in the Duke of York's band, with the dress exceptions. The Royal Artillery had been out fighting against the tyrant King of Ashantee; the engagement was terminated by the loss of great numbers on both sides. We expect this noted king, however, every day, to come down from his encampments to fight us; need I add, that we are prepared to give him and his men a very warm reception. The first sergeant whom the Ashantees killed belonged to the Royal African Corps; they took his jaw-bone and presented it to their liege, as a token of triumph; and he desired as many more as could be furnished to decorate his dwelling. The manner in which the Ashantees murder people here, who fall into their power, is extremely cruel: first, they cut off a finger, and ask you, if you see that? and then take off one of your ears, and show that to you; and then one of your eyes,—and so on, till they have completely dissected your body. What a barbarous state must this zone be in, where the inhabitants delight in the horrors of torture! O happy England! in which civilization dwells and rules the actions of society.

The Ashantees are naked, except a small cloth which they wear about their middle: the women are similarly dressed, only they have a hump in the lower part of their back, like the pommel of a saddle, on which they carry all their work and their infant children, who seem to sleep as soundly and sweetly as on a bed of feathers: they wear great varieties of beads round their necks, wrists, and ancles, and some of them have as much gold in their hair as would amount to £70 or £80 sterling. Those of the females who are looking for husbands have about fifty small silver keys hung down before them. One man thinks it nothing to have twelve wives, who are all with him, and equally desirous of gaining his pleasure; indeed, I could not but remark their attachment to him, whose frown was terrible. I have been with the king of Cape Coast; I drank tea with him; he shewed me great civility, and requested a repetition of my visit.—Though nearly as rude as his subjects, yet he is a personable man, and conversive. He lives in a good house, has several things in it which have been sent

him from England;—he can read and write English, is fond of music, and dances admirably. The men and woman cut their hair in a grotesque fashion—in fact, they shave it; thus, every time it is shorn, it is done so strangely, that it assumes a different appearance and novelty, according as their fancy changes.—We shortly proceed to Sierra Leone, but I hear a bad account of it. There is a large school at Cape Coast; about eighty boys and girls attend it; they go to church every Sunday, and sing. After service they all shout, 'God save the King.'—Only four are left out of the regiment which came from the Isle of Wight. White ladies are so scarce here, that I have seen only one of the fair sex since my arrival.—I have a bird that sings French, and, what is more remarkable, swears good round English: it is called a crown bird. The drum beats to duty—war is written on our foreheads—we conquer or fall.* Your's truly,

W. W. P.

P. S. I have sent this letter home by a vessel coming from the coast, laden with gold and ivory; but there is not much gold to be got now we are at war with the Ashantees.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ALL our readers know we are not egotistical, and are tolerably free from many of the weaknesses of our contemporaries. We do not, like our worthy friend of the 'Cunynge Advertiser,' calculate the number of pages, words, syllables, and letters, of all the works we review, or, like Mr. Clement, tell the public that our Chronicle has increased five hundred every week for the last six months: we are content to lay out the increasing produce of our labours in India bonds and a quarterly purchase in the three per cents., without boasting of the wealth *The Literary Chronicle* yields us, or assuming those fantastic airs which only render men ridiculous. But we cannot, in justice to ourselves, omit declaring that we do a mighty deal of good to the public. All our readers know how we knocked up the project for squeezing the pockets of those who have more money than wit, and more loyalty than either, for a monument to the memory of his late majesty; not that we objected to a monument for George III., for no sovereign was ever more deserving of one,—but we hate all jobs.

* News has just arrived of the death of the unfortunate writer.—ED.

It was but the other day that, by a well-timed article in the *Literary Chronicle*, we roused the sleeping partners in the committee of the Mechanics' Institution, and at once put them on their mettle, so that they have increased their lectures and give promise of really doing something for the good of the members of that society: but our *chef d'œuvre*, an exploit on which alone we shall be content to rest our fame, is that we have even made the Royal Society of Literature do something for the public good. The public is aware how sluggishly the 'most potent, grave, and reverend signiors' of this society have passed away three years; at last we determined to try if we could not stir them up. We did so, and the consequence is that they are so confident of the merit of their labours, that they have resolved to publish a volume of their *Transactions*, neatly printed in foolscap folio. This important measure was fully discussed and determined on at their anniversary on Thursday last, and, notwithstanding the secrecy observed in the proceedings of this society, we have obtained a sight of the several essays which are to form the forthcoming volume, a list of which we subjoin:—

Dr. L-w, Bishop of Chester, supplies an erudite essay on the essential and inseparable Union of the Law and Gospel, with an itinerary of the road from Chester to Bath.

The Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, An historical Description of Abbot's Priory.

Sir A. J-hn-e, The plot of a new romance, to be entitled the Handsome Englishman, or the Stranger in Ceylon.

Sir J. M-kin-sh, A Dissertation on the due importance of writing a History of England; or Penelope's Web no fiction.

Lord G-nv-lle, A Treatise on the Balance of Parties, or the Art of being well with both Sides, for the use of Young Senators and Junior Lords of the Admiralty.

Lord M-rp-th, A Topographical Essay, showing that the distance from Morpeth to Carlisle is much greater now than it was formerly.

Colonel Leake, An Essay on National Emblems, particularly those of Wales.

Sir Gore Ouseley, An Argument to prove that the Scotch are descended from the Chinese, and that the boeing of the former is derived from the *Ko-tou* of the latter.

Rev. G. Cr-l-y, two papers. 1. A new novel entitled Five Act Farces and Fifteen-minute Sermons; or, the Stage ver-

sus the Pulpit. 2. An inquiry into the best means of d—ning a play or a new actor on a Saturday, and doing the same service to an audience on the Sunday.

The editor of Longuemanne's Cunynge Advertiser sent several essays, but none of them were accepted.

Mr. Chantrey has offered to make a bust of the first genius belonging to the society, the moment that the point can be settled among the members.

Taylor Combe, Esq. will furnish a design for a medal, whenever any membershall render service to the society to deserve one.

There are several other papers intended for the forthcoming volume, but we are under an injunction to conceal their titles at present; though in a future number we may give them, as well as a list of the rejected articles, with a list of which we have also been favoured.

M. BELZONI.

THE following account of the death of this enterprising traveller is communicated in a letter from a young gentleman, a native of Liverpool, to Mr. A. Hodgson, of that town:—

'Brig Castor, British Accarah,
Jan. 7, 1824.

'I wrote you some time since, almost at a venture, mentioning the arrival in Benin River of Mr. G. Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, who was attempting to reach Houssa and Timbuctoo, by way of Benin. I am sorry to inform you that, like all others who have made this trial, he has perished. He died at Gato, the 3d December, 1823.

'As I think it will interest you, I will give you an idea of his prospects of succeeding in this perilous expedition, when they were closed by his death. He had been a considerable time a very welcome guest on board of this brig, waiting for the time a Mr. J. Houston could accompany him to Benin, whose interest with the king of that place he considered would be serviceable to him. On the night of the 24th of November he left us, with Mr. Houston, for Gato. On parting with us he seemed a little agitated, particularly when the crew, to each of whom he had made a present, gave him three loud cheers on leaving the vessel. 'God bless you, my fine fellows, and send you a happy sight of your country and friends,' was his answer. On the 3d of December, I received a letter from Mr. Houston, requesting me to come to Benin, as Mr. Belzoni was lying dangerously ill, and, in case of death, wishing a second person to be present. I was prevented going, not only by business, but a severe fever, which had then hold of me. On the 5th I had a second letter from Mr. H., with the particulars of Mr. B.'s end, and one from him-

self, almost requesting me to go to his effects, and to his agent and Co. A. together with the assurance for her, to write his was interred the respect large board, tion, and w grave:—

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self, almost illegible, dated December 2, requesting me to assist in the disposal of his effects, and to remit the proceeds home to his agents, Messrs. Briggs, Brothers, and Co. America Square, London, together with a beautiful amethyst ring he wore, which he seemed particularly anxious should be delivered to his wife, with the assurance he died in the fullest affection for her, as he found himself too weak to write his last wishes and adieus. He was interred at Gato, next day, with all the respect possible; and I furnished a large board, with the following inscription, and which was placed over his grave:—

‘Here lie the remains of
G. BELZONI,

Who was attacked with dysentery at Benin,
(On his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo,)
On the 26th of November, and died at this place,
December 3, 1823.’

The gentlemen who placed this inscription over the grave of this intrepid and enterprising traveller, hope that every European visiting this spot will cause the ground to be cleared, and the fence round the grave repaired, if necessary.

‘At the time of Mr. Belzoni’s death, Mr. Houston had every thing arranged with the king of Benin for his departure, and, had his health continued, there is no doubt he would have succeeded. Mr. Belzoni passed at Benin as an inhabitant, or rather native of the interior, who had come to England when a youth, and was now trying to return to his country. The king and emegrands (or nobles) gave credit to this, Mr. Belzoni being in a Moorish dress, with his beard nearly a foot in length. There was, however, some little jealousy amongst them, which was removed by a present or two, well applied; and the king of Benin’s messenger was to accompany Mr. Belzoni, with the king’s cane, and as many men as were considered necessary for a guard, and baggage carriers. The king’s name is respected as far as Houssa, and he has a messenger, or ambassador, stationary there. On Mr. B’s arrival at Houssa, he was to leave his guard there, and proceed to Timbuctoo, the king not guaranteeing his safety farther than Houssa, and Timbuctoo not being known at Benin. On his return to Houssa, he would make the necessary preparations for going down the Niger, and despatch his messenger and guard back with letters to his agents and to Mr. John Houston. The messenger to be rewarded according to the account the letters gave of his behaviour, and the king to receive a valuable stated present. This was the plan, and I think it would have proved fortunate had Mr. B. lived.

‘The distance from Benin to Houssa is not so great. The king gave the following account of the route:—From Benin to Jaboo, six days’ journey; Jaboo to Eyoo, three; from Eyoo to Tappa, nine; Tappa to Nyffoo, four; and Nyffoo to Houssa, three. I am sorry I cannot find the memorandum I made of this, but I think I am correct. Between Nyffoo and

Houssa, the “Big Water” is to be crossed considerably above Tangara, at which place it is tremendously rapid and wide; farther down, the natives of Benin know nothing of it, except that it runs to the southward. I wish it was a settled point. Mr. B. began to waver in his opinion of the Niger being a branch of the Nile, after having seen one or two of these rivers in the bight of Benin. I will give you my idea on the subject. If the Niger does not empty itself into the bights of Beapa and Benin, there must be some other immense course of water in the interior, to supply these seven rivers, viz. Benin, Dos Escravos, Dos Ramos, Bonny, New Calabar, Old Calabar, and Rio del Rey, with the numerous intersecting creeks, and which any person, I think, only need to see to know they run from one great stream. Add to this, the land to the westward of river Lagos, though not high, is perfectly dry, and free from marsh; from Lagos to the west side of Rio del Rey, there is scarcely a spot of land that is not overflowed at high tides. The east side of Del Rey is the contrary, being high and mountainous, viz. the high land of Cameroons and Reconly Land. The intervening marsh between Lagos and Del Rey has evidently been formed by the soil and mud washed down these rivers.

Original Poetry.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

‘PLEASANT is the joy of grief! it is like the shower of spring, when it softens the rough branch of the oak, and the young leaf rears its green head.’—OSSIAN.

Oh! strike the harp of former days,
And let its mournful music ring;
Dim ghosts shall listen while their praise
Resounds upon the deep-toned string.

How sweet those tones and dear the lay
That wakes the mem’ry of the dead;
They fell, renown’d, on battle’s day,—
The gory field their dying bed.

Oh! like the genial shower of spring,
Sweet is the deep-felt joy of grief;
The oak’s rough branches softening,
While freshly springs the opening leaf.

So sink the tears we gladly shed,
In memory of the fallen brave;
A freshness o’er the soul they spread,
Like flowers that bloom above the grave.

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
WHATEVER may in other respects have been the effect of the exhibition at the Gallery in Suffolk Street, upon the Royal Academy, it certainly has in no degree tended to denude the walls at Somerset House, they being as crowded as ever; a circumstance which, at least, proves that, with regard to numbers, the infant institution has detracted nothing

from the parent one. We should not, indeed, have complained, had it caused a considerable reduction in this respect, for the apartments of the Academy always contain a great many more pictures than can be properly viewed. What therefore, is the consequence? If good pictures are hung in unfavourable situations, they are unfairly treated, and if indifferent ones, no one will be at the pains of straining his eyes, back, or neck, in order to examine them. Consequently, the poor devils whose works are suspended in corners, or against window-shutters,—exalted to the very ceiling, or thrust down to the floor, have but a very questionable right to the title of *exhibitors*.

The next consideration is, does the academy display this year an equal proportion of talent to what it has usually done? The question is a delicate and rather an invidious one; nor is it our wish to create feelings of enmity and ill-will between the academicians and the Society of British Artists. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing that, in the higher department of art,—the historical, there is nothing pre-eminent; there is also a paucity of landscapes. Of portraiture, we have, as usual, an abundance, and there are some fine ones; but we do not think that the president is altogether so happy as he has been some former years. Those of the Duke of Devonshire, 146, and the Children of C. B. Calmudy, Esq., 99, are, we think, among his best. Jackson and Phillips, have both some excellent heads: among which, No. 204, the Portrait of a Gentleman, by the latter, strikes us as very superior: the tints of the flesh are admirable; it is firmly painted, broad and chaste, and possesses great relief. There are many small historical and domestic compositions, several of which have great merit. Wilkie has two,—110, Smugglers offering Run Goods for Sale, and 115, the Cottage Toilette. These, it must be confessed, are inferior to former productions of this artist’s: there is something loose and careless in the drawing, neither is the local colouring very good, although the sunny glow and transparency of the first-mentioned piece certainly are very charming. They are deficient, too, in that interest which generally marks Wilkie’s compositions. Mulready has one picture, No. 113, entitled the Widow, with the following motto:—

‘So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love.’
It seems as if our painters had entered into a conspiracy this year to satirize the fair sex, and cast imputations upon

their attachment to the memories of departed husbands. This widow is not altogether so youthful and fashionable a dame as Mr. Richter's, and is more demure withal; although we see her seated with a lusty suitor beside her, who has been making proposals that appear to excite the astonishment and indignation of an antiquated female domestic. The expression of the latter is comic enough: but the other personages do not display much, with the exception of a girl who is visibly affected at the idea of her mother's marrying again; as to the widow herself, she is not very attractive, for there is something matronly in her appearance. Leslie's scene from *Don Quixote*, representing Sancho in the apartment of the Duchess, No. 95, is indisputably the finest thing of the kind in this class of composition. It is admirably grouped and arranged, and the lights and shadows are disposed so well, that the eye comprehends the whole piece at once, without effort. The figure of the duchess is charming: it answers perfectly to what we should conceive a Spanish beauty: the countenance is lovely and most interesting,—pale with dark eyes. The attitude is dignified and easy, and the satin drapery tastefully disposed and admirably painted. At her right hand stands an antiquated duenna, forming a perfect contrast to the elegance of her mistress, and to the laughing waiting-women, who are evidently enjoying themselves at the expense of the honest proverb-loving squire. These form a group behind the latter, who is seated immediately before the duchess; thus forming a prominent figure in the picture. Perhaps a little more simplicity is desirable in the countenance of this figure; yet it is, upon the whole, a very happy one. This delightful picture cannot fail to add considerably to Mr. Leslie's reputation. Every object and all the minor details are excellently painted; at the same time the latter are kept subservient to the principal figures.—No. 191, *A Picture Gallery*, by Witherington, is a very interesting piece, and possesses considerable novelty. The figures which the artist has introduced are here to be considered, as in landscape, of secondary importance. The general effect is brilliant and pleasing. Among the pictures are Stothard's *Pilgrims*, and many other well-known subjects. This circumstance leads us to suppose that it is not an actual view of any particular gallery, but only a composition.—Dighton has two inte-

resting and well-painted subjects, not highly-finished cabinet pictures, but vigorously touched: the first of these, 185, representing a party of English travellers, attacked by banditti, on the road to Rome; the other, 263, a Highland Clan escorting the Regalia of Scotland.—Rippingille's *Stage Coach Passengers*, No. 251, is treated with that truth to nature which we admire in this artist's productions, although there is little feeling for picturesque effect, or any particular beauty of execution. It represents a party of travellers who have stopped to hurry down their breakfast at an inn, and contains a great variety of groups. Close by the door is one of a country girl and her aged mother about to take leave of each other: the countenances of both express the pang which they feel at the separation, but their quiet grief is totally unheeded by the rest of the company, some of whom are scolding the waiters, others giving themselves airs of importance, and some are paying compliments to their fair fellow-traveller who is pouring out tea. In one corner of the room is an old hunk, who is departing, loaded with his luggage, and turning a deaf ear upon the unwelcome sounds of 'pray remember the coachman.'—Good has a singular subject, No. 210, *Rumaging an old Wardrobe*. There is in it much of that whim in which the artist seems to delight; and he is evidently at home among these old antiquated dresses. The principal figure is a girl, who has arrayed herself in an old-fashioned brocade gown. Various other articles of obsolete finery are dragged forth from their respective depositories, by her companions, who seem to treat them very unceremoniously; whilst an old woman, who is about to enter the door, appears as if inclined to spoil their sport, and teach them to behave more respectfully towards those treasures, which probably adorned her youthful charms, and for which she still retains a strong affection. The picture is in many parts well-painted, but it wants higher finishing.

This scanty notice must suffice for the present: we have no room this week to bestow any notice on Etty's *Pandora*; Stephanoff's *Triumph of Rubens*; Miss Sharple's *Mouse*; Clater's *Morning Lecture*; Danby's *Sunset at Sea after a Storm*; Wood's *Mayaunds*; and Hurlstone's *Michael and Satan contending for the body of Moses*; Allan's *Mary Queen of Scots, signing her abdication*; Cooper's *William the Third, and his Battle of Shrewsbury*; Newton's

Monsieur de Pourceaugnac; and many other pictures, besides the architectural drawings and sculpture.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We are always glad to see our theatres return to Shakspeare and the legitimate drama, which are like a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding to an Englishman, after he has been living for some time on French fricasees, or the still less substantial cookery of Italy. There is on the London stage sufficient tragic and comic talent to play any thing, and we are sorry to see good actors or actresses throwing their talents away on spectacle. The *Winter's Tale*, which has been revived here, we could almost have spared, since it reminds us that we are so soon to lose its best character, Autolycus, in the almost immediate secession of Munden from the stage; such a blank has not been left for many years. Macready's *Leontes* is an excellent performance; as is Mrs. Bunn's *Hermione*; and the other characters are well sustained. Munden takes a farewell benefit soon; we trust, also, that the admirers of true comic talent, and those who feel respect for private worth, will invite him to a farewell dinner; we know of no actor who, from his talents or character, is better entitled to such a mark of public esteem.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kemble has appeared in *Falstaff*, in the first part of Shakspeare's *Henry the Fourth*, which has been got up with great splendour, so far as relates to beautiful scenery and gorgeous dresses, though we must doubt they are 'in the precise habit of the period,' as asserted in the play-bill; and we should thank Mr. C. Kemble to tell us on what authority Sir John Falstaff is made to wear tight pantaloons and a turban. The principal novelty was, however, to see Mr. C. Kemble, who is generally so ambitious to appear as a young lover, assuming the character of a fat old knight; for which he appears to us to possess no other qualification, than that of a person sufficiently large to enable him to sustain the usual load of stuffing. In the early scenes he was lamentably dull; and even when he displayed some part of the humour of the character, it nearly approached buffoonery: his forced chuckle at his own jokes was too obvious and too frequent, and the actor seemed to forget that Sir John was born

a gentleman quarrelling at the Board (coarse), and were by far Young's H vigorous pe Prince of Egerton's K ly, and Mrs in Dame Qu Too much

the scenery goes, the dr could be wis ed to questi some thirty holiday sui having a p as that of Shrewsbury

SIGNOR man exhibi risatore, to Argyle Roc when his p forth stron from the co manding p ers of voic a complet conveys to the forcible bard woul tions at games of solemn wi according ment; an sical, tha with delig with the la high degr yet by no is natural poetic ast a speaker cumstanc instantane the lips o to his au Improvisa to Miner the brain of nature ven-born quire, r The acto as much intuition once a p the mon are his uttered: might co

a gentleman, and made a knight; the quarrelling scene with Dame Quickly, at the Boar's Head (though somewhat coarse), and that where Hotspur is killed, were by far the best in his performance. Young's Hotspur was a fine, manly, vigorous performance; and Cooper's Prince of Wales was respectable, Egerton's King Henry sufficiently king-like, and Mrs. Davenport quite at home in Dame Quickly.

Too much praise cannot be given to the scenery, and, so far as splendour goes, the dresses were every thing that could be wished; but we may be allowed to question the propriety of arraying some thirty or forty persons in such holiday suits in the tented field, or of having a pavilion so richly ornamented as that of Henry IV. in the camp at Shrewsbury.

SIGNOR PISTRUCCI.—This gentleman exhibited his talents as an *Improvisatore*, to a numerous audience, at the Argyle Rooms, on Wednesday evening, when his performance frequently called forth strong expressions of applause from the company. Gifted with a commanding person and extraordinary powers of voice, over which he possesses a complete mastery, Signor Pistrucci conveys to us a very adequate idea of the forcible effect with which an ancient bard would have recited his compositions at the public assemblies and games of Greece. His tones formed a solemn wild melody, rising and falling according to the subject and the sentiment; and were so beautiful and musical, that they might be listened to with delight, even by one unacquainted with the language. His action was to a high degree impassioned and energetic; yet by no means more exaggerated than is natural in the state of excitement or poetic *astus*, which, in order to succeed, a speaker must feel under such circumstances. It is the vivid bursts of instantaneous inspiration pouring from the lips of the poet, that communicates to his auditory a similar enthusiasm. Improvisatore poetry may be compared to Minerva starting into existence from the brain of Jupiter. It partakes more of nature than of art; and seems a heaven-born gift, which no study can acquire, no lessons can communicate. The actor and the poet may both owe as much to meditation and labour as to intuition; but the improvisatore is at once a poet and actor: he must feel at the moment,—he must glow; no sooner are his ideas conceived than they are uttered:—the deliberation of a moment might cool him and destroy his energy.

We envy the *furor* and more than mortal rapture with which Pistrucci appears to be animated while reciting: how exquisite we should conceive must be his feeling when rapt into enthusiasm—*fervet immensusque ruit*. Of this poetical phrensy his recitation on the subject *La Grandezza di Dio nelle opere della Natura*, was a fine example, where, hurried away by the grandeur of his theme and the warmth of his emotions, he suddenly burst forth into an impassioned lyric strain of astonishing beauty,—absolutely a *bravura*. His other subjects were *Il Lauro*, *Il Giudizio di Bruto*, *Firenze*, *La Morte di Epaminonda*, &c. all of which he treated with astonishing ability, displaying in them poetical beauties far above the mere facility of impromptu common-places, clothed in elegant rhyme. Independently, too, of its positive merits, Signor Pistrucci's performance is highly attractive in this country from its novelty, and we make no doubt will continue equally to attract those who are led to witness it from mere curiosity, and those who are able to appreciate the poetical merit of his compositions. In the intervals between the several recitations, some beautiful duetts and tergetti were performed by De Begnis, Begrez, Torri, and other performers from the King's Theatre.

Literature and Science.

We understand that the Rev. C. Summer, Prebendary of Worcester, is engaged in the translation of Milton's Latin work, recently discovered among some state papers, and which will be published as soon as the requisite arrangements are completed.

LIST OF THE WORKS OF ANCIENT ART,

Which were taken from Rome by the French in 1797, and carried to Paris.

[From a Parliamentary Paper printed by order of the House of Commons.]

Statues.—1, The Torso Belvidere. 2, Antinous ditto. 3, Hercules, with a child in his arms, supposed to be Ajax. 4, Apollo Belvidere. 5, Laocoon, ditto. 6, Meleager. 7, A Colossal Nile, in a recumbent posture. 8, A Colossal Tiber. 9, Cleopatra, or rather Ariadne. 10, Demosthenes, in a sitting posture. 11, Trajan, ditto. 12, Posidippus, ditto. 13, Menander. 14, Hygieia. 15, Phocion, the Athenian General. 16, An Amazon. 17, Adonis. 18, A Crouching Venus. 19, Paris. 20, Apollo, with his lyre. 21 à 29, The Nine Muses. 30, A Colossal Melpomene. 31, A Semi-Colossal Ceres. 32, Sphinx, of Oriental Granite. 33, Another, ditto. 34, Sardanapalus. 35, A Priest. 36, Tiberius. 37, Augustus. 38, A Discobolus. 39, Ditto. 40, Urania, in a sitting posture, five palms

high. 41, Ceres, five palms high. 42, Antinous Capitolinus. 43, Apollo, with the Hippogryph. 44, Group of Cupid and Psyche. 45, A Dying Gladiator. 46, Juno. 47, Pandora. 48, Faunus, by Praxiteles. 49, Zeno. 50, Flora. 51, Venus. 52, Antinous, represented as an Egyptian idol. 53, Torso of Cupid. 54, A Statue of Hygieia of 'Nero Anticho.' 55, A Youth, extracting a thorn from his foot, in bronze.

Busts.—56, Menelaus. 57, Minerva. 58, Cato and Portia. 59, Tragedy. 60, Comedy. 61, Jupiter. 62, Jupiter Serapis. 63, Antinous. 64, Hadrianus. 65, Oceanus. 66, Homer. 67, Ariadne. 68, Alexander. 69, Marcus Brutus. 70, Junius Brutus, in bronze. 71, A Sarcophagus, with figures of the Nine Muses, in bas-relief. 72, Another ditto, representing the Triumph of the Nereids. 73, A Candelabra, with intaglios. 74, Another, ditto. 75, Another, ditto. 76, A Circular Altar, with Bacchanalians. 77, A Tripod, in marble, with intaglios. 78, A Cippus, with embellishments. 79, Another, ditto. 80, A Curule Chair. 81, Another, ditto. 82, A Capacious Vase, or Bell, of Basalt. 83, Another Tripod, in Marble. 84, An ancient Seat of Rosso Antico. 85, Another, ditto.

Paintings.—1, The Transfiguration; by Raphael. 2, A Madonna of Foligno; by Raphael. 3, St. Petronilla; by Guercino. 4, St. Jerome; by Dominichino. 5, A Dead Christ carrying to the Sepulchre; by Caravaggio. 6, A dead Christ, from the Church of St. Francesco Aripa; by Caracci. 7, St. Erasmus; by Poussin. 8, The Martyrs; by Valentino. 9, The Ladder of St. Benedict; and 10, The Miracle of the Corporal; by Andrea Sacchi. 11, Fortuna; by Guido. 12, St. Gregory; by Caracci. 13, The Descent from the Cross; by Borroccio. 14, The Virgin in Heaven; by Perugino. 15, The Virgin crowned; by Raphael. 16, A Chiaroscuro, representing the Three Virtues; by Raphael. 17, St. Cecilia; by Raphael. 18, The Martyrdom of St. Agnes; by Domenichino. 19, The Rosary; by Domenichino. 20, St. Petronius; by Cavedone. 21, The Massacre of the Innocents; by Guido. 22, The Purification of the Virgin; by Guido. 23, The Annunciation; by Guido. 24, The Circumcision; by Guercino. 25 a' 26, St. Joseph asking Pardon of the Virgin; by Tiarini. 27, The Assumption; by Hannibal Carracci. 28, The Apparition of the Virgin; by Hannibal Carracci. 29, Christ calling St. Matthew; by Lodovico Caracci. 30, The Virgin appearing to St. Dominick; by L. Carracci, &c.

N. B. The above list is imperfect in regard to the Paintings, the undersigned not having been enabled to enter the Museum for the purpose of correcting it. It will, therefore, be necessary to add to it some other paintings, which, whether exhibited or not, are the property of Rome and of the papal states. Of the latter an accurate return is expected every moment.

The five hundred manuscripts will be easily recognised by their marks, which are peculiar to the Vatican Library, whence they were taken. To these must be added likewise the Medals, Prints, Cameos, and Christian Antiquities, of which the Vatican Museum was despoiled, independently of the articles surrendered under the armistice, previous to the Treaty of Tolentino; the latter articles alone would amount to a sum of about seven millions of francs. (Signed) CANOVA,

Perpetual Superintendent of the Academy for Fine Arts of Rome.

Paris, Sept. 19, 1815.

The above was received from M. Canova, as the list of the works of art belonging to the papal government, taken from Rome in 1797, and carried to Paris. For the removal of these articles from Paris to Rome, in 1815, directions were given, by the lords commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, to place at the disposal of M. Canova the sum of 251,498 francs, to be charged on the pecuniary indemnity payable by France, in virtue of the convention signed at Paris on the 29th November, 1819. (Signed) JOS. PLANTA, Jun.

Foreign Office, March 29, 1824.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	1 to 4 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
April 30	60	65	53	29 75	Fair.
May 1	53	64	55	30 00	Do.
.... 2	52	56	47	29 89	Rain.
.... 3	47	46	45	.. 56	Do.
.... 4	45	56	44	.. 76	Showery.
.... 5	50	61	50	.. 94	Cloudy.
.... 6	50	64	51	.. 90	Fair.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Long Speeches.—The late Lord Ellenborough, on one occasion, in the House of Lords, when another noble lord had just made a dreadfully long speech, got up and said, 'My lords! my lords! I am answerable to God for my time,' and said no more.

Canal in China.—From the western part of the city of Saigon, in Cochin China, a river or canal has been recently cut twenty-three English miles long, connecting with a branch of the Cambodia River, by which a free water communication is opened with Cambodia, which is called by the Onamese Coumaigne. This canal is twelve feet deep throughout, about eighty feet wide, and was cut through immense forests and morasses, in the short space of six weeks. Twenty six thousand men were employed, night and day, by turn, in this stupendous undertaking, and seven thousand lives sacrificed by fatigue and consequent disease. The banks of this canal are already planted with the palmaria tree, which is a great favourite with the Onamese.

Works published since our last notice.—Prior's *Life of Burke*, portrait, &c. 8vo. 16s. Rowbotham's *German Grammar*, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Atherstone's *Midsummer Day's Dream*, plates, 8s. Lyon's *Private Journal*, 8vo. 16s. Pearson's *Astronomy*, vol. 1. royal 4to. 3l. 3s. Capt. Hall on *South America*, second edition, 1l. 1s. Bell on the *Spine and Thigh Bone*, royal 8vo. 16s. Beresford's *Cross and the Crescent*, 2 vols. 14s. Douglas on *Miracles*, abridged by Marsh, 5s. Family Bible, with Notes by a Layman, 2 vols. 4to. 3l. 3s. Do. *Old Testament*, separate, 2l. 2s. Do. *New Testament*, do. 1l. 1s. Blaquiere's *Greek Revolution*, 8vo. 12s. Kelly's *Myrtle Leaves*, 12mo. 5s.

VIEWS ON THE RHINE, &c.

This day is published, by R. Jennings, 2, Poultry, Part I. of a

SERIES of SIXTY VIEWS on the RHINE and MAIN in BELGIUM and HOLLAND.

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Of the Grenadier Guards, F. R. S.

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SPANISH MAGAZINE.

Just published, by R. Ackermann, London, No. III. PERIODICO TRIMESTRE, intitulado **VARIEDADES o MENSAGERO** de LONDRES.

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SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

THE GALLERIES for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of British Artists ARE NOW OPEN, from Eight till Dusk.

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W. LINTON, Secretary.

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CHARLES WESTMACOTT, Editor.

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INCORPORATED

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY,

under the immediate Patronage of His Majesty.—The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the Society will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday the 12th of May; on which occasion His Royal Highness the DUKE OF YORK will take the Chair.

The company of such Noblemen and Gentlemen as may be favourable to an Institution which has for its object the relief of Men of Talent (Authors) in distress, is earnestly solicited.

Stewards:—

The Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdown,

The Right Honourable Lord Templetown,

The Right Honourable Lord Newborough,

The Solicitor-General,

W. A. Madocks, Esq. M.P.

William Russell, Esq. M.P.

Mr. Sheriff Whittaker,

Sheriff Sir Peter Laurie,

Benjamin Bond Cabell,

Esq.

L. A. De la Chaumette,

Esq.

William Fraser, Esq.

Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; also at the Chambers of the Society, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

On the 15th May next will be published, price sixpence, the first Number of a New Publication, entitled,

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

'No Government could subsist for a day if single errors could justify defection.'—Dr. Johnson.

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